



A DEVINE IPOME WRITTEN ON SAINT FRANCIS FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE CORD

Oh, Jesus, you are my jewel my chiefest only joy
Had I been but near you, your presence I enjoy
All trouble I'd encounter, for you, my Lord on high
And since I'm now so fond of you, I'll love you till I die

My good Lord whilst I'm with you, I am secure & free
My sweet Lord whilst you're with me no sorrow troubles me
My good Lord whilst you're with me, all things with me doth well,
My sweet Lord whilst you're with me, I fear neither death nor hell,

St Francis poor & naked, his penance first began,
St Francis poor & naked lamenting for his sins
St Francis seeking Jesus, till he found hi' wounds at last,
O may those wounds be written & engrav'd on our hearts

It was in the lonely desert Francis took much delight
Till Satan by his cunning art, thought him to astirright
With a Crucifix in his hand, which made him sigh & weep
Still thinking on his Saviours wounds as he lay all alone

St Fyanc's seeking Jesus to the desert he did go
Deprived of w^e dl, pleasure] where no one does him know
Devotion was his pract^e, in prayer he id abound
The air was his clothing, & his pillow the cold ground.

Your sins they are not grievous, nor u i ther have you need
With cruel cords y^rur flesh to rend & make your wounds to bleed
Behold yo^r sins O Fr incit, they were all laid on me
It was for the ransom o^r meukind I died ou Calvary

St Francis on his knees, unto Heaven he does cry
My sins they ore displeasing to you, my Lord on high,
I am your humble servant, O Jesu, pity me,
He says my sins were ansom'd on the Mou't of Calvar

St Francis thou'rt my servant, I heard thee sigh & moan
St Francis be of courage, thou art long alone,
For in spite of Satan's cruel art, you a d r e c t o ! will be
And bring you to the happy joys of all eternity

All those that seek Jesus must seek him early & not late
And they that will find Jesus, will find a happy state,
St Francis seeking Jesus, he thought it no disgrace
To take up his Cross, & follow Christ, & that in every place

St Francis in the deer', with his penance he went on
St Francis in the deer', his penance carries on
St Francis seeking Jesus till he ained a Haven y Crow
And Jesus on his children, his blessings pour'd down,

Our Savionr hanging on the Crose qito destitute of friend
At length unto His Father, His soul he recommends
With Eli Eli aloud Jesus he does cry.
Bowing down his sacred head, gives up the Ghost & dies